



# INSTRUCTOR

ILUSTRATED MAGAZINE Published 2mi Monthly

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GEORGE Q. CANNON. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



Vol. XXVII.

AUGUST 15, 1891.

No. 16.

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TRUTH MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.

> Farmers should read Utah Experiment Station BULLETIN No. 7 on Government Trial.

> > WRITE PROF. SANBORN, LOGAN, FOR COPY.

Pleasant Grove, July 31st, 1891.

Messrs. Bullock & Wadley, Pleasant Grove, Utah:

Gentlemen.—The Walter A. Wood Single Apron Harvester and Binder we bought of you and for which we gave our order in Salt Lake City, has been in operation now for several days

We have cut, bound, elevated and delivered all kinds of grain, heavy, light, and tangled, to our satisfaction, and better than any other machine we have ever seen at the same work. We consider the Single Apron Open End Machine far superior to any three or four canvas machines, both in point of workmanship and economy. We have just finished cutting five and a half acres, and have not missed tying one bundle

[Storned]

ISAAC CARLSON. ISAAC CARLSON,

J.J. CARLSON.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 30th, 1891.

Messrs. Bullock & Wadley, Pleasant Grove, Utah:
Gentlemen.—The Wood Binder I bought of J. O. Bullock, in 1887, has cut about 500 acres. It has cost me less than \$2.00 for repairs. I cut, bind, and clevate one acre of grain every hour I am in the field. The first time it was operated I cut five acres and missed but one bundle on account of poor twine. I do not know of any binder equal to the Walter A. Wood.

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Co-operative Wagon & Machine Co., Salt Lake City, Utah:

Gentlemen.—The 5 feet 6 in. Single Apron W. A. Wood Harvester and Binder operating on our farms and for custom work, cuts, elevates and binds equal to any other binder we ever saw, and in some respects much better. It will work evenly with all kinds of twine. We have cut and bound four and a half acres in one piece at one time without missing a bundle.

(Signed), Jones Bros. Thos. B. Jones.

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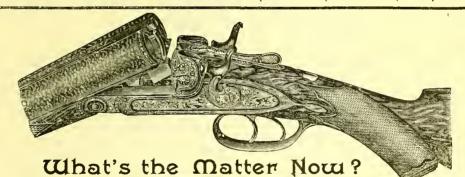
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## WHAT THE APOSTLES HAVE SAID

HIS work will consist of a compilation of sayings of our Apostles, taken from the Journal of Discourses, and thoroughly indexed so as to enable one to refer to what has been said concerning all the leading subjects of interest to the Latter-day Saints.

The first of this series entitled

"WHAT BRIGHAM YOUNG SAID."

Will be ready about July 1st.

Ogden, Utah. Ben. E. Rich,

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Main Street, SALT LAKE CITY. T. G. WEBBER, Superintendent. Vol. XXVI—No. 16. SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

#### ADVENTUROUS HUNTERS.

FOR many years Africa has been the favorite hunting ground for those who take pleasure in capturing large game. In that country are to be found representatives of nearly all the monsters of the forest, such as the elephant, lion, tiger, leopard, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, buffalo, alligator, hyena,

as well as many smaller animals.

Many Europeans, fond of adventure, have spent years hunting the wild animals of the African forests. Some men have even become noted in such pursuits, as Gerard, the daring lion hunter, and Bombonnel, whose raids upon the lcopard,

AFRICAN BUFFALO.

or African panther, brought him renown.

The hunting of these powerful and ferocious beasts is attended with great peril; and it requires a steady nerve, considerable courage, as well as skillful markmanship, to follow such a pursuit with success. Wild animals generally are very ferocious when wounded, and will attack their foes most desperately while in this condition. The hunter must

consequently be certain of either killing or crippling the animal he attacks or he himself is almost sure to be the victim.

The African buffalo stands as high as an ox, but is heavier in build and very powerful. It somewhat resembles the American species, but has scarcely any hair on its body. It is black in color. Its horns are very thick at the base and almost cover its forehead. Herds

of these formidable beasts roam the forests and marshes of southern Africa, where they are sought by foolish hunters who risk their lives for the morbid pleasure of wantonly killing them.

The buffalo is dangerous when not pursued, and will attack human beings

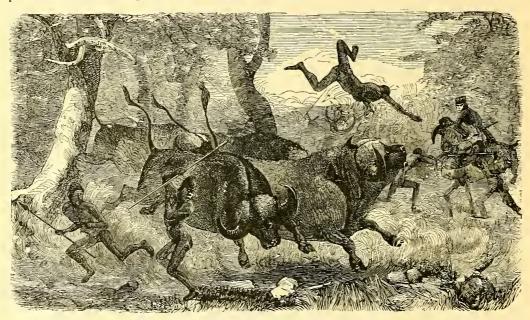
without any provocation. When he is wounded he tears up the ground with his horns and hoofs and then makes a bound for his assailant, seeking for revenge rather than safety in flight.

Upon one occasion a party of Boors undertook to attack a herd of buffaloes. Between them and the spot where the animals were grazing was a marsh over which

they could not ride, so they left their horses in care of attendants and crossed the marsh on foot, expecting, if attacked, to run through the mire for safety. Approaching the herd by keeping behind bushes and trees, they got near enough for their purpose and fired upon them. The first volley killed three and wounded the leader of the herd, a very large bull. One of the hunters thereupon began to reload, and at the same time stepped out of his hiding place towards the wounded animal, which was down on its knees, bellowing with pain. The bull, enraged with fury, arose

himself he got between the branches of a low tree where the beast could not reach him with its horns, but was able to get at him with its tongue. By licking the man's legs and thighs with its rough tongue, it scraped the flesh off and he died from the effects.

Elephant hunting is another cruel sport which is attended with great risks. It might be supposed that such a large and awkward animal would become an easy prey to the mounted hunter. But this is not the case. An elephant will overtake a horse with a rider on if the road is suitable. On this ac-



BUFFALO HUNTING.

and pursued the hunter, who dropped his gun and fled for the marsh. Seeing the beast was rapidly gaining upon him he tried to climb a tree, but before he could get out of reach the buffalo caught him on his horns and pitched him high in the air. The man dropped into the branches of the tree where he was caught. His comrades succeeded in killing the bull as it ran around the tree seeking its victim for further revenge. The man was taken from the tree dead.

It is said that a British officer was once pursued by a wounded buffalo. To protect

count the hunter is careful to take a position on the side of a hill, above where the elephant is browsing, or in some other place of security, before opening fire upon him. In firing at an elephant the hunter aims to strike it in the eye or trunk. To merely strike it in any part of the body would only enrage the creature, as a hundred shots would not hurt it unless some of them chanced to hit a tender place.

Natives of India and Africa have various ways of capturing elephants alive by entrapping them with strong cords. By keeping

them tied to a tree for a few days they are enabled to tame them sufficiently to lead about.

The hippopotamus is not such a dangerous animal to hunt. It procures its food along the river bank, and never ventures far from the water. When alarmed by the hunter it immediately plunges into the river and reear; and as, when driven to the river, it only puts its nose above the surface to procure breath, it is difficult to capture. It can remain under water from five to ten minutes at a time, during which it can get partly out of the reach of its pursuer by moving up or down the stream.



CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

mains there, only rising to the surface to get breath. It is a very shy creature, and seeks safety by retreat instead of attacking its enemics. The hide of the hippopotamus is more than an inch and a half in thickness. The hunter's only chance in killing it with a rifle ball, is to strike it in the eye or behind the

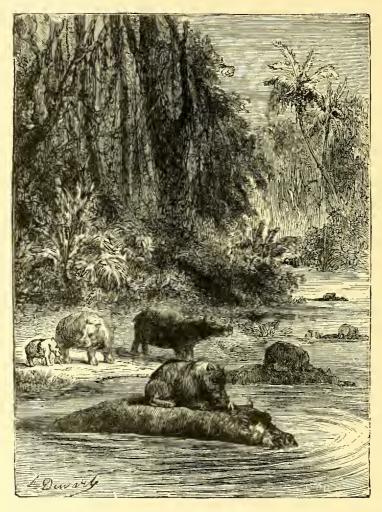
The flesh of the hippopotamus is eaten by the Hottentots and other native African tribes; and Europeans who have tasted it say it is a dainty food. When one of these creatures is captured the people gather round and engage in a great feast. A number of fires are started to cook the flesh; some of it is hung

on the trees to dry, and all present—including the dogs—are busy devouring the prize.

Mr. Gordon Cumming gives the following description of an attack which he made upon a herd of hippopotami:

"In a long, broad, and deep bend of the river, I came upon four hippopotami, two

rose, shot her in the head; she, however, got away down the river, and I lost her. The other three took up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water for five minutes at a time, and then popping their heads up only for a few seconds; I accordingly kept behind the reeds in the hope of



HIPPOPOTAMI AT HOME.

full-grown cows, a small one and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along in Highland fashion over large masses of dark rock, and on coming to the shady bank, I could at first see only one old cow and a calf. When they dived, I ran into the reeds, and, as the cow

their dismissing their alarms. Presently the two smaller ones, apparently no longer fright-ened, showed their entire heads, remaining above water for a minute; but the third, which was by far the largest, continued extremely shy, diving under the water for ten minutes and more, letting us see her face but

for a second, and, making a blowing like a whale, returning to the bottom. I stood there with a rifle on my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, till I was quite tired. I thought I should never get a chance at her, and had just resolved to let fly at one of the smaller ones, when she shoved up her head and looked about her; I fired, the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the seacow came floundering to the top.

"Though not dead, she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion, when I finished her with a shot in the neck, upon which she instantly sank to the bottom, and disappeared in the strong and rapid torrent at the tail of the sea-cow hole. Here she remained a long time, and I thought I had lost her, but the natives said she would soon reappear, and while taking my breakfast there was a loud hue and cry that the hippopotamus had floated and was sailing down the river. It was so, and my Hottentots swam in and brought her to the bank; her flesh proved most excellent."

#### COMMUNION.

SPEAK to my spirit, thou Spirit of God,
I follow thee, follow thee.

Oft have I passed'neath thy chastening rod,
I follow thee, follow thee.

Speak to my spirit, alone it shall hear
Loving compassion and sweet words of cheer;

Speak to my spirit thou Comforter dear,
I follow thee, follow thee.

From thee I learn when in doubt what to do,
I follow thee, follow thee.

Hopeful and prayerful thy counsel pursue,
I follow thee, follow thee.

Softly thy words in the still whispered voice
Speak of my Savior and bid me rejoice;
Doing II is will is my heart's earnest choice,
I follow thee, follow thee.

Tell me thy story of heaven above,
I follow thee, follow thee.
Fill all my being with rapturous love,
I follow thee, follow thee.
Sweet Holy Spirit, thy comfort now bring Like a sweet melody angels may sing;
O there is joy in the soul's offering,—

I follow thee, follow thee. J. L. Townshend.

#### THREE MORMON BOYS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 467.]

COMING up over the high hill on the eastern side of St. George, the travelers halted the wagons and looked down on the scene spread out below. A dry, sandy valley, between two rocky walls on the east and the west, about four miles across, with another black hill on the north, at the northwest a gap or pass to the valleys beyond, and on the south the lazy, treacherous, shallow river of the Virgin ran from rocky point to rocky point; while beyond the river, still further south, rose a glorious panorama of pink, white and purple-red hills, the outlines of hills in the not far distant territory of Arizona being visible in this dazzling southern view.

In the center of the valley ran a small stream from a northern hill spring, and up and down this stream were collected a large number of tents.

"Oh, Pa, there's the soldiers camped!" called out Bertie.

"No, my son, those are our own people, and we will have to live in just such tents until we can build us a house."

No one could have enjoyed this free life better than Bertie Wilson. There were plenty of Indians here, and the great ambition of the boy's life was to possess arrows and to go out and shoot quails. Potatoes, flour and provisions were begged and coaxed from Ma and kind Aunt Sarah, to trade for arrows with the hungry Indians. But these things were not always to be had. So Bertie and his friend, Will Harrison, often made their own arrows.

The general camp move, from the banks of the stream to the position now occupied by the city of St. George, had been made, and the Wilsons had chosen a site for their future home near the selected spot for a future meeting-house. Then Bertie had a chance to know how it felt to live in a Sybella tent for months together. It was all well enough when the weather was pleasant and dry. But the rain! Can anyone not so experienced

tell what it is to house up a family of children within the narrow, damp confines of a tent? In Dixie the mud was a dirty, dull red color, and every drop of water in rainy seasons was of the same brick hue as the mud. Once it really rained forty days and forty nights. Not a dry thread was there in that whole camp, and lucky was she whose good new tent kept things underneath damp only. The water ran in under the tent poles, and of course shoes and stockings were of no use whatever.

Some time after this rain, it happened that the two boys were snugly ensconsed in bed one quiet summer night. Their bed was made on a low, rude trundle bed, and was placed in the outer tent, while mamma's bed was made in the wagon box, with the front of the box turned to the opened doorway of the tent. It must have been after midnight, when Bertie woke up with the distinct knowledge that someone had hold of his throat, and that someone's fingers were making an effort to strangle him. He felt how useless it would be to try to unloose these deadly fingers himself, and so with all the strength of his lusty young voice that he could command, he called out, "Mother, there's someone in bed here; strike a light!"

It was only a moment before the mother was awake, but at first she did not understand what the child was talking about. "What is it, Bertie?" she called.

"Strike a light, mother," he said, "there's someone in bed." He answered rapidly and with increasing excitement.

The mother got out of the bed and hurried into the tent. But she could not find the matches; tables were overturned, chairs stumbled over in her hurry and excitement, but the matches were not to be found. Meanwhile Bertie was in a perfect fever of fright and excitement, his voice arose to a yell, repeating, "Strike a light! there's an Indian in bed trying to strangle me."

The noise awoke Mark, and the words, "Indian in bed," aroused him to a consciousness that there really was someone struggling in bed.

Like the quiet boy that he was, he said nothing, but straightening out his limbs he laid perfectly stiff and rigid, waiting in breathless hush for the long delayed light. At last, when Bertie was really exhausted with his excitement and Ma found some matches, she took the candle in her hand and went to the cot with a fear at her heart, but with a brave determination to save her boy, no matter what the cost to herself might be.

"Why, Bertie," she cried, after a few moments, "there is no one in bed but yourself and Mark, but you have got turned round in bed, and Mark's feet are at your throat, and it must be he who has been trying to strangle you. Get up and see for yourself."

Of course, you and I can laugh at the ridiculous situation. There was Bertie kicking Mark with all his strength, and Mark with his feet, as he supposed, firmly grasped by an Indian's deadly hand, but holding to those deadly hands with all his boyish strength of toes; and there was Ma, the light in her hand, the bed-clothes thrown down so that she could see the whole performance, and laugh at it, while every chair in the tent had been turned over in the hunt for matches, and then the wild look of fear on the boys' faces gradually changing to one of relief and then laughter. All this is funny to us, but it was not funny to the boys until they had forgotten the fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### BUSINESS FOR BOYS.

WHAT traits or habits should I cultivate to become prosperous in life?

What business shall I choose to follow when I am a man?

What chances have I to satisfy my ambition in life?

These are questions that arise in the minds of all thoughtful boys. Every boy realizes, or should realize, that in a few years he will be grown to manhood and will be expected to rely upon his own exertions for his support To give a practical idea of what habits boys should cultivate in order to become thrifty and prosperous in business, and to inspire them with a desire or ambition to excel in the pursuits they may choose to follow, are the objects of the following chapters.

The principles of success are similar in all pursuits, and what will tend to make a young man prosperous in one avocation will equally help one who pursues a different calling. What is meant by this is, the right kind of habits once formed will enable a boy to succeed in any calling he may have a liking for. It will therefore not be necessary here to give special instruction, for each different kind of occupation. Not so much depends upon the class of labor one chooses to follow as upon the manner in which he undertakes to learn how it is performed. Again, it might be said prosperity does not depend so much upon the pursuit one chooses to follow as upon his habits of industry, or his way of going about his work. For instance, a young man may select what might be one of the most profitable occupations, trades or professions, yet he may not be able to do as well as another who selects a business that is not regarded as remunerative. It may not be because he lacks ability to master business, but because he has not acquired the proper principles or traits of character to make a success in any pursuit or undertaking.

This brings us to the question with which this chapter begins: "What traits or habits should I cultivate to become prosperous in life?"

Some time since five prominent business men and capitalists of New York were each requested to answer a similar question. "What one quality should young men possess to succeed best?" was asked of these gentlemen. Their replies, which are very brief, are as follows: Russell Sage, "Caution;" Jay Gould, "Perseverance;" Dr. Green, "Hard work;" James Gordon Bennett, "Enterprise;" Charles A. Dana, "Brains;" Perhaps the best answer to the question, "what one quality should young men possess

to succeed best?" would be honest dealing. It was remarked of a Rotterdam thread merchant who made a fortune out of his business. that his success was the result of honest dealing. He never let a vard of bad thread go out of his establishment, and never charged more than a reasonable price for his goods. By this practice he acquired the confidence of his customers. Many others, in fact all who have succeeded in the only proper way can testify that honesty is the most essential requisite to success. Young men cannot therefore attach too much importance to this trait of character.

While honesty is the first and most essential requisite to success in any legitimate business pursuit there are other requirements to be cultivated. Take the answers of the five business men alluded to above and combine them and you will have a general idea of what other traits are needed to procure success in your business. Caution, perseverance, hard work, enterprise and brains, coupled with honesty will certainly bring success to the possessor. By the proper cultivation and exercise of these qualities everyone ought to succeed.

However, to give some practical ideas of how to become prosperous, the following questions have been put to a number of successful business men of our Territory:

- r. What traits or habits do you consider most essential for a young man to cultivate in order to prosper in business?
- 2. Were you desirous of employing a young man, what general qualifications would you expect him to possess?
- 3. To what habits or principles do you attribute your own success in business?

Some of the answers received to these questions, which are of great practical value to young men, are herewith given. Others will follow in succeeding chapters.

D. H. PEERY, Esq., President of the First National Bank, Ogden, Utah, formerly mayor of Ogden City and a leading business man of his town, replies as follows in answer to the question: "What traits or habits do you consider most essential for a young man to culti-

vate in order to prosper in business?" "honesty, industry, economy, and temperance in all things."

In answer to the second question: "Were you desirous of employing a young man, what general qualifications would you expect him to possess?" he says, "Added to honesty, integrity, truth and industry he should possess ability; he should have a good practical education, especially in arithmetic, and should be a good accountant; he should cultivate his powers of observation-should always keep his eyes open so as to see things around him; he should tell the truth even to his injury. At leisure hours should study and read, and devote himself to self-improvement; should cultivate habits of sociability and hospitality, and should possess a spirit of accommodation and kindness toward all personsthe rich and the poor, the old and the young, irrespective of age, color or 'previous condition of servitude;' his associates should be good or he should have none; he should form habits of system and order; should live within his income and save a little each day and invest it in some good interest-bearing securities; should avoid all reckless speculations and all kinds of indebtedness where he cannot see his way of meeting it when due; should avoid offensive partisanship and should refrain from any and all talk prejudicial to another; should live so as to have the confidence of all men; and then should misfortune overtake him, his friends, having confidence in him, will come to his rescue and start him again; and lastly he should be a peacemaker among men and not a sower of strife and contention, and should possess a sincere and devout reverence for Deity."

He answers the question, "To what habits or principles do you attribute your own success in business?" by saying, "I have aimed to follow the advice given in my answer to the second question."

"I will add in conclusion that our boys should be taught to take their pleasure in the business they have chosen to follow and in their homes. Cultivate home attractions, and be prudent, lenient, and merciful with all men."

W. S. McCornick, who stands at the head of the well-known banking house of McCornick & Co., Salt Lake City, and who is one of the most enterprising of our business men, being prominently connected with a number of local industries, replies to the questions briefly and pointedly as follows:

To question No. 1:—"Integrity, promptness, moderation, industry, economy; and whatever calling that he may choose, to enter into it with his whole heart and soul."

To question No. 2:—"Honesty, sobriety, diligence and accuracy."

To question No. 3:—"Hard work, close application, economy and good luck."

From Apostle Moses Thatcher, prominently connected with the industries and enterprises of Cache County as well as the whole inter-mountain country, these answers to the questions were received:

First:—"Honesty, energy, devotion, veracity, promptness, thoroughness."

Second:—"Temperance, honor, generosity, tact, truth, perseverance and politeness."

Third:—"Not habits at all, but to the Giver of all gifts, spiritual and temporal, who inspires in the hearts of men confidence, esteem and love—fitting rewards of honor, justice and truth."

GEO. W. THATCHER, ESQ., President of Thatcher Brothers Banking Company, Logan, Utah, and formerly Superintendent of the Utah Northern Railway, whose business ability is well known, gives the following replies to the questions mentioned:

To the first:—"Honesty, reliability and punctuality, coupled with natural or acquired business ability and training."

To the second:—"I would expect him to be energetic, honest, trustworthy, punctual, polite, courteous and attentive to business."

To the third:—"What little success I have met with in my business enterprises I attribute to close observation of men and things, and the faculty of being able to select the most suitable aid. In addition to this I have always made it a point to be frank and candid in all my dealings and to treat every one with due courtesy and respect. To make a success of it, my opinion is that a man must be at the head of his business."

E. F. P.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# SKETCHES FROM THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

The Cocoanut.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 308.]

THE cocoanut is the principal article of commerce of the Samoan Islands. Most of the whites there are engaged in buying the dried meat (called copra in English and popo in the native tongue) and shipping it to the foreign countries. Nearly every little village has one or more white men, who keep small stores, having such goods in stock as the natives most need—calicos, fishing tackle, large, cheap butcher knives for cutting weeds and underbrush, soap, canned goods, etc., etc. These men are always willing to give the native credit to the value of their prospective cocoanut crop, thus obtaining a mortgage on their income, and the Samoans will always run in debt as far as anyone is willing to let them. Thus they are nearly always in bondage to the white man.

When the dry season comes, all turn out, old and young, and gather up the nuts that have ripened and dropped during the year, that have not been used for food, and pile them up in large heaps. When they are all gathered, in front of the house, then copra making begins. A stick of hard wood is procured from the forest and stuck into the ground, and the upper end sharpened. This is for husking, or tearing off the fibrous covering from the nuts. A nut is taken firmly in both hands, and brought down with force on the point of the stick, which penetrates to the shell. With a good deal of wrenching and pulling, a piece of the husk is torn out. This is repeated until the covering is all off.

Two or three hearty strokes with the back of a large butcher knife crack the nut open in halves, revealing the beautiful white meat inside. This, in turn, is cut out of the shell and spread out on mats to dry in the sun. In the copra making season the houses are surrounded with mats covered with this cocoanut meat, drying for the market. It must be kept dry, or it will mould; so when a shower of rain is approaching, a shout goes up to call everybody to help, and the mats are drawn into the houses. Two or three days of sunshine are sufficient to dry the meat so that it will keep. It is then gathered into large baskets, ready for market. The price fluctuates very often, ranging from two to five cents per pound. The natives, having no scales of their own, and not understanding weights and measures, are at the mercy of the white men sharpers, who generally get away with the lion's share.

The *copra* is stored away loose in large warehouses until a shipload is procured, when it is loaded into the holds of large sailing vessels and shipped to Germany, Liverpool and other large commercial centres. There the oil is extracted and used in the manufacture of soap, hair-oil, etc.

The universal water "bucket" among the Samoans is the cocoanut shell. A variety that grows to a great size is cultivated for that purpose—the nuts being as large as one's head. When they are thoroughly ripe the "eyes" are bored out and the nut filled with sea water. They are exposed to the sun for a week or so, by which time the sea water has so rotted and softened the cocoanut meat that it can be shaken out through the small holes. After several rinsings the inside becomes clean, and when the outside is polished off, and a handle made by passing a cord through two of the eyes, the water bucket is complete. Each hut is equipped with from six to twenty of these wholesome water bottles, hung upon pegs or put in racks made between the posts of the house. They are corked up with stoppers made in a very ingenious manner of dried banana leaves.

When you want a drink one of these bottles will be taken down and sent rolling across the floor to you. You take out one cork and loosen another for an air-hole, and drink to your heart's content. Water will keep many degrees cooler in these cocoanut bottles than in a bucket.

The women and girls are the water-carriers, and can be seen every day wending their way to the springs for fresh water. They generally fill a basket made of cocoanut leaves with their water-bottles, which enables them to carry a larger number than they could in their arms. Before filling, they take a handful of grass or leaves and thoroughly scrub and clean the holes, where everyone's mouth is applied to drink. Then the bottle is pushed down under water until it fills itself. It is then firmly stopped with a banana leaf cork and put into the basket, and so on until all are filled.

In closing this article, I may say that, in addition to the uses I have already named for the cocoanut tree and its fruit, the leaves are used for making thatch for houses; the shells for fuel, cups, bowls and ornaments; the fibers in the husk for making cord, with which they bind together their houses, boats, etc., using it in nearly every place where we use nails, and the oil to grease their bodies—for a Samoan is never "fixed up" unless his body shines with cocoanut oil.

I. H. Dean.

#### A SECRET OF THE NIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I was two hours past midnight. The autumn winds blew dismally about the house and whistled through the window cracks of the small attic room, causing the window curtains to sway to and fro. A cold wintry air filled this apartment which was on the fifth floor of a house that occupied a back yard in the eastern part of the city of Berlin. In front of the place stood an almost palatial store while on either side were tenement houses occupied by poor people.

A young woman sat near the stove vainly trying to warm herself where naught but smoldering embers remained. Now and again she cast anxious glances towards a clothes basket wherein an infant peacefully slept. On one side of the room was a bed provided with feather pillows and mattress, while opposite was a sofa whereon a straw sack and hair pillow with a wool comforter furnished another sleeping place. A table, three wooden chairs, two large handsome trunks which must have cost a large sum of money, some hooks on which a few articles of clothing hung, comprised the furnishings of the room.

Again a gust of wind rattled the loose window panes. The woman went to the unused straw bed and covered her head with the comforter until the howling wind moderated. This was her husband's humble resting place and he was not at home. For weeks his custom had been to leave the house at dusk and not return again till morning.

If his wife only knew where he went! She would have given anything she possessed to have only known what he did. When she thought of a day that the police would come in the name of the law with orders to arrest and imprison her husband, when she thought of all the misery, shame and suffering which perhaps she would meet, it seemed as though she would lose her reason.

From the neighboring church tower sounded the hour of three. Three o'clock and the husband not yet there! Recently he had come later and later, generally not until six o'clock.

The child cried and the young mother engaged herself with it. She gave it some milk which had been kept warm in the oven. This milk which was given the child was purchased, however, with money which had most probably been obtained by crime.

Yes, yes, that was the only conclusion. A person who goes out only at night, a time when nobody works, returns with money, appears haggard, and to the question of his wife as to where he has been, makes no reply; one

who is generally a loving and patient man but at such times becomes uneasy and gives no information as to where he spends his nights, he is certainly not walking in honorable ways.

And still, it is not possible, it is not imaginable, that a man whose name and position once enabled him to mingle in the highest society, who had been a faithful husband, a tender father, could suddenly forget all that he had once esteemed so highly!

Nevertheless he had once forgotten his duty: home and happiness, family and fortune he had staked on a game of cards and had lost. A man possessed by the desire to gamble, easily yields to other temptations that surround men, and cause them to turn from the path of rectitude.

Baron Urbanus came of a renowned family of lower Austria. His early manhood he spent as an army officer in Vienna, and there it was that he, like many of his companions, was nearly ruined. He was recalled home that he might reform, which task was made easier by the fact that his father was still alive.

Urbanus had a younger sister, and in his father's house—the mother having been long dead—there lived a young lady from Mecklenburg, who acted as governess to his sister. Rudolph Urbanus loved her, and told his father one day that he desired to make her his wife. The father rebuked him and said that the governess should be dismissed from the house. Emily was indeed of good family, the orphan of an academical teacher, but to the old Baron she was nothing more than a servant, even though somewhat educated.

The old Austrian aristocracy had its particular laws, from which it was not easy to vary. The result was a quarrel between the father and son, as Rudolph was determined to make Emily his wife. He did so, whereupon his father gave him the money due from his mother's estate and turned him adrift.

With this small legacy Urbanus purchased a humble homestead in Bohemia. Here he hoped through industry and frugality to recover his lost fortune, and position. Emily assisted him with all the energy of which she was possessed.

Rudolph was a good-hearted man, but the careless life which he had followed as an officer in Vienna, together with the enforced idleness of a soldier, left effects which were not easily overcome. He was especially possessed of the passion to gamble. After the honeymoon was past Rudolph sought society in order to please his wife, and this society was found in an adjoining city. Here were many officers, government officials and nobles of the realm; among such living was high.

The chief amusement of these persons was card-playing, in which not only the men but often the women also took part. On all occasions cards were played, at first only for small sums of money which were gradually increased, until finally vast sums were staked. For a time Rudolph Urbanus played successfully, then in one night he lost all that he possessed. As he threw himself into the carriage to go home in the early morning, he realized that he was no longer the possessor of the vehicle in which he rode.

Thus was ended the career of foolish pleasure for Baron Urbanus. The homestead was sold, but the surplus from it was small; besides this there were the savings of Emily and a limited amount obtained from the sale of jewelry which had been given her as presents by her husband; altogether the sum obtained was a mere pittance compared with what they had been in the habit of handling. Still with this sum they decided to seek their fortunes in a place distant from their old home.

They went to Berlin. The great German capital attracted people from all parts of Europe. It was cheaper to live there than in either of the other great cities of the continent, and work was more plentiful than in either London, Paris, St. Petersburg or even in Vienna.

He who goes into temptation to test his strength, is apt to be overcome.

# The Buvenile Austructon.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

#### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Choice Blessings—Teach Children to be Truthful.

HE question may well be asked, Do the children of our land appreciate at anything like their full value the blessings they enjoy in the varieties of food which are furnished to sustain their bodies? There is probably no land upon the face of the earth where the people have such excellent food, of every description which belongs to our latitude, as do the people of Utah. Certainly there is no part of the earth where they have better qualities of food. All our grains are of the finest character. The wheat produced in Utah Territory and throughout all this mountain region is not surpassed. No better flour can be made than our mills furnish; and if this flour be made into bread by skillful hands, no finer bread is furnished the tables of the monarchs or nobles of the earth. The same may be said of the different varieties of vegetables which are produced Our potatoes are unsurpassed for sweetness and flavor, and they bring the highest price in the surrounding markets. So with our cabbages, and every other vegetable. There seems to be a peculiar sweetness which our vegetables possess that is noticed and commented upon by visitors. Our fruits, too, excel even those of California in sweetness, though they may not be any larger, or in some instances not so large. But Utah dried peaches are considered the most desirable fruit of the kind wherever they are sold.

But not only is this the case with all our grains, vegetables and fruits. This can be said in addition: there is no lack of food anywhere in our land. No one need go hungry; for food is abundant, and that, too, of

the best quality. The poorest family can sit down to tables where as fine bread, vegetables and meats can be partaken of as any that grace the tables of the aristocracy and wealthy of the most favored lands. If there be anything inferior in the food, it is not because the materials themselves are inferior, but because they are not skillfully and tastefully prepared. Our children eat the most healthy productions of the earth. In this respect they are highly favored—none more so in any country. They should be always grateful and always filled with thanksgiving to our bounteous Father for His kindness and mercy to them.

There is no reason why the children of this land should not be as healthy as any in the world. Not only are our grains, fruits and vegetables of the finest character, but the meats that are produced here are excellent. Then we have a climate that is one of the most favored upon the earth. It is very No great extreme of either heat or cold is felt within our borders. Our air is exhilarating. The water that comes from our mountains in crystal streams is pure and wholesome. In fact, our great Creator has given unto us the most choice elements in bounteous profusion; and there is no reason why we should not be a very happy and contented people. Sickness should not be common among a people so much favored. Men and women should live, barring accidents, to extreme old age; and children should grow up free from pains and aches and many of the weaknesses that afflict humanity in other lands.

We mention these things in order that our readers may be led to appreciate the blessings with which they have been favored by the Lord. Those who have come from other lands to this are aware, to some extent at least, of the advantages which residents of this country possess. Our children born and brought up here have not had the opportunity to draw any contrast between our productions and the productions of other lands. When they leave here on visits, either as mis-

sionaries or as visitors, to other places, they can then perceive the contrast, and in every instance almost those who go forth in this way come back with gladness in their hearts because their home is in such a favored land. Letters of young Elders, who for the first time leave their homes and visit other climes, are full of expressions of thanksgiving to God that they were born and brought up and have a home in the valleys of the mountains.

But our children should not wait until they go to other lands to feel thankful for their own land, to esteem its value, or to prize its advantages. They can by reading obtain much information concerning other places and can get a good idea of the differences which exist between this country and others.

THERE is a natural disposition on the part of children, speaking of them generally, to please their parents and their friends, and to secure their good opinion. They crave affection. They desire love. They want to be well thought of, and to have their conduct approbated. This feeling or disposition, when properly appealed to, aids greatly in the government of children. But because children have this desire, it proves frequently a great temptation to them, when they do anything wrong, to resort to falsehood to conceal the wrong-doing. If parents or guardians are very strict, and mingle severity with their strictness, the children under their control, from fear of punishment, will frequently resort to deception or falsehood to conceal any conduct that they may think will bring punishment upon them, and take refuge in cunning and deceit to avert punishment. Parents should understand how strong this feeling is in children, so that they may guard against its effects. Whenever children are punished for accidents, or for acts which are the result of ignorance, there is danger of their resorting to artifice and falsehood to hide that which they have done. They feel that it is their only defense. Hence it should be the aim of every parent to encourage

children in telling the truth. Let them see that they will not lose favor by confessing wrong, and show them that the telling of the truth goes far towards atoning for any offense they may commit. It is not just to punish a child for an act that he may commit ignorantly, or for something that may occur through an accident. In their secret feelings, children revolt at anything of this kind. Punishment inflicted under such circumstances is no benefit, but an injury; for they feel that it is wrong and oppressive.

Children should be taught that it is not a disgrace to confess a wrong when it is committed. They should understand that their parents were children once as they now are, and that they were not perfect when they were children, but were guilty probably of as many offenses, and had as great necessity for confessing them, as they themselves have. They should not be made to think by those who have them in charge that their parents are such a superior race of beings that they never did wrong when they were young; for such teaching does not have a good effect upon children; it is apt to lead to discouragement, and they are liable to think that they are inferior to their parents and are guilty of wrongs of which their parents never knew anything. Where this feeling prevails, they are reluctant to tell the truth concerning any of their wrong acts. They feel that they would be degraded in the midst of the perfection that they suppose is all around them.

Appeal should be made to children's honor to prompt them to tell the truth. They should be made to understand that it is rank cowardice to shrink from telling the truth about all that they say and do, and that in denying that which they have said and done they add the sin of lying to the wrong already committed. It is better to applaud the courage of a child who tells the truth about a wrong act that he has committed than to punish him for the wrong. It is a brave thing for a boy who has done some serious mischief to tell the truth about it, especially if by telling a lie he could conceal it; and the child who

does this should be made to feel that in telling the truth he has done that which offsets the mischief, if he repents of it.

An instance came to our knowledge not long ago which illustrates this principle. Two boys were out in their father's field, shooting with a 22-calibre rifle. The bullets were very small. They saw at a considerable distance some cows that had been trespassing more than once on their father's lucerne, and thinking the animals too far to be injured seriously with the shot, they fired at the cows, expecting merely to sting them and have them run off. A day or two afterwards they heard that two cows of one of the neighbors had been shot; that one had died, and another was lamed. The neighbor did not know who shot the cows; for they had gone some distance from where the shooting had occurred; but the boys, hearing of it, had gone and confessed to the neighbor that they had shot his cows, and told their father of it. The father satisfied himself that their guilt would not have been known had they themselves not confessed what they had done. He said to his sons, "I care nothing for the value of the cows; if my boys are only brave enough to tell the truth when they commit an act of this kind. I will pay our neighbor the value of the cows."

Their conduct in shooting the cows was very wrong; but they were little boys and had but little experience. The father set before them the serious consequences of such conduct, and they felt very badly at what they had done; but they were encouraged to tell the truth, no matter how serious the wrong might be which they had committed.

Had the father whipped his boys for doing this, instead of talking to them and warning them, it is more than likely that he would have driven them, whenever they committed an offense of a serious character thereafter, to conceal it by lying about and disowning it.

IF you would merit the conqueror's laurel wreath, conquer yourself.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF NEPHI.

IX.-Lehi Blesses His Posterity.

TEXT. And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days. Gather yourselves together and hear, ye sons of Jacob, and hearken unto Israel your father.—Genesis 49: 1, 2.

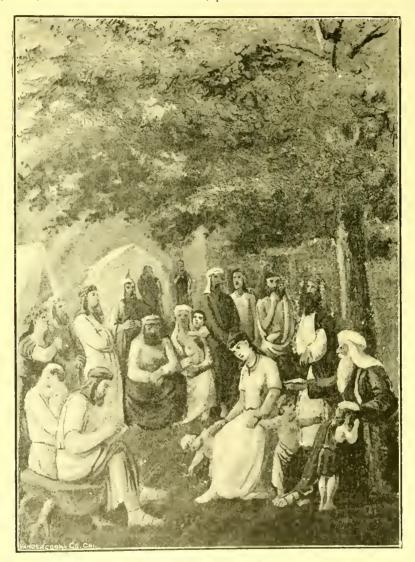
WE have now reached a time when Lehi was well stricken with years. Believing that his end was approaching, he gathered his children together as did his forefathers before him, and being inspired by the spirit of prophecy, he blessed them. It is remarkable how clearly the Lord showed unto him what would befall his children and his children's children for many generations. First, however, he recalled to their minds the many rebellions of Laman and others during their journey, and how great had been the goodness of the Lord in bringing them in safety to this most precious land of promise, which was of all lands the most choice on the face of the earth. He also told them that he had had a vision in which it was shown to him that Jerusalem had already been destroyed, and her people carried captive into a strange land, and if those that were now listening to him had remained in Jerusalem, they would, most certainly have perished also.

Lehi likewise gave them, in the name of the Lord, a rather peculiar promise. It was to the effect that no people should be brought to this land while his posterity remained faithful, who were not brought by the hand of the Lord, and that this land should be hid from all other peoples; for if it were not so it would be overrun by many nations. know that this promise was fulfilled. If the nations of ancient Europe had in very remote times any knowledge of the continent of America, they entirely lost it; and from the time that Lehi landed on its shore till hundreds of years after the extinction of the Nephites, it was not known to the nations of Europe or Asia. They reached it neither by way of the Atlantic nor the Pacific ocean.

His words to his elder sons were very pa-

thetic. He perceived the course that they had taken in hardening their hearts against the word of God, and he rightly feared that this same spirit would be entailed upon their posterity; if so, he told them of the curses

heads, but if they would not hearken, that blessing should be withheld. Zoram received special words of approval because of the sincerity of his friendship to Nephi, and he was promised that his seed should be blessed with



LEHI BLESSING HIS POSTERITY.

that would most assuredly fall upon them for their disobedience and rebellion. And he advised them all, not only his own sons, but also Zoram and the sons of Ishmael, to give heed to the words of Nephi; and if they did this his first blessing should be upon their Nephi's seed, and nothing, save it were iniquity should harm or disturb their prosperity.

To Jacob his first born in the wilderness, he promised many blessings, and declared that he should dwell safely with his brother Nephi, and his days should be spent in the service of his God, which words were fulfilled after his death by Nephi consecrating Jacob to be one of the priests to minister before the Lord on behalf of the Nephites. blessings Lehi added many words of instruction and prophecy, and made plain the sayings of more ancient servants of God. Joseph's blessing was very much like that of his brother Jacob. He was to be joined unto Nephi, and his posterity were to be blessed or to suffer with Nephi's descendants. blessing Joseph Lehi drew attention to the words of Joseph, the son of Jacob-words that are not recorded in the Bible, but from which we learn that Joseph, like other servants of God, was shown many things connected with the dealings of God towards His children upon the earth in various dispensations of His loving kindness. This ancient Joseph was shown the coming of Moses, the advent of our Savior and the work to be performed by Joseph Smith in this our day.

Soon after Lehi had uttered these blessings, the Lord took him from this earth to dwell with Him in eternity. Of the death of Sariah, his wife, we have no account.

The Lord honors those who honor him; He inspires their words, He fulfills their pro-He did so with Adam, Enoch, phecies. Abraham, Jacob and Moses and He did so with Lehi. He does so, also, with His servants today. The spirit of prophecy is given to the patriarchs, when they pronounce blessings on the heads of the people, and those blessings are sooner or later, but all in God's time, fulfilled. The end is not yet, though thousands of years have passed, of the events foretold by Enoch and Jacob, by Moses and Lehi. George Reynolds.

Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

#### A LIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 478.]

A BOUT this time a youth by the name of John M. Bridge, who had been a schoolmate of mine, and was now learning the harness-making trade, came to see me. He had joined the Mormons while I was living at Witham. He called just as I was closing the butcher shop in the evening. I began to laugh at him for being a Mormon, and for believing that revelation was needed in our day. He said to me, very seriously:

"William, I am interested in bringing you to a knowledge of the true gospel."

"Oh," I said, "you need not be so much interested in my future. My mother has already taught me to love the Savior and to ask Him for such things as I need, and I believe in Him; therefore, through His blessed atonement, I can be saved."

One thing brought up another, until he finally said: "Close the shop and come into my shop, which is already closed, and we will talk further upon this matter."

I went with him, and he began to question me as to what were the evidences I had concerning my religion, which I had been taught was true. I told him my mother had taught me it, and I could not believe such a good woman would teach me anything that was wrong. I even felt it was scarcely possible for her to be mistaken. I learned from my mother that I had been baptized, and I remembered when the Bishop of Canterbury laid his hands upon my head and confirmed me. Hence, I believed if I led a good, moral life, I would be saved. I thought these acts should be evidence enough.

My friend began to question me as to whether I understood I was still in my sins. I told him I believed I was. He asked me if I believed my sins could be remitted. I remembered the scripture, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and I believed that the merits of the atonement through this faith would save me. He referred me to the scripture, "He that saith he

loveth me and keepeth not my commandments, is a liar and the truth is not in him." I never remembered hearing this before. It set a thrill through my very heart, and I could scarcely believe it was in the Bible until I read it.

He then asked if I thought I could be saved without obeying the commandments of God. I thought I had done so; but he charged me with acknowledging that I was in my sins. He inquired if I was baptized while I was about two months old, what was the nature of my sin at that age and how should I obtain forgiveness for sins committed since that time. These questions troubled me very much, indeed.

I reflected anxiously upon the matter and asked God to give me assistance, that I might know if these things were right. One night I had a peculiar dream. I thought I was going to school in the same old room where I formerly went. It was one of those old churches that had been almost demolished in the days of Cromwell, and the square steeple or tower had been the only part left standing. To this had been built a large school-house. In entering the school-room, we had to pass through the old belfry, and went down two large steps, the full width of the school-room. I dreamed that the school-room was Hades. I seemed to smell the fire and brimstone so strong that I tried to vomit. It was like a boiling cauldron, and in it were men and women, and boys and girls. They tumbled over and over each other as they boiled. I was lying on the lower stone step, trying to grasp some of those who appeared to be in the greatest agony. While doing so the thought struck me that they might pull me in, but still I tried to catch some of the poor creatures as they passed. My brother Joseph made his appearance, when I made a greater effort to seize him by the hand. He also, in the midst of great suffering, made a vigorous effort to grasp me. He succeeded, but he no sooner had my hand than his satanic majesty took hold of him, and a host appeared to take hold of each other. I began to be afraid they would pull me from the step into this boiling cauldron. They tried hard to do so, but my left hand seemed to become imbedded in the rock of the upper step. So much power did they exert that I began to think they would pull my right arm off. My arm became so painful that it wakened me.

I reflected a great deal about this dream, as well as what I had been told. I felt very much unsettled, indeed; I often prayed to the Lord to help me and direct me out of this dilemma. I actually began to feel that I had to do something. The more I read the life and works of Christ, the more I felt the deficiency of my religion.

The evening came for a second interview with J. M. Bridge. He asked me if I had reflected upon what he had told me. I told him I had, and I felt very unsettled, indeed. He then took up the subject of authority and showed that a man must be called before he can act in the name of God. This was new doctrine to me, because I had been taught that man must be very highly learned to be a teacher or expounder of religion. Light began to dawn in my young heart, and it occurred to me that I must find out more about these people, who were held in such bad repute by all the good people of my town. I had considerable talk with young Bridge.

I also asked other people about the Mormons, and they invariably gave them a bad name. I remembered how the early Christians as well as Christ Himself were abused and everywhere spoken evil of, and especially by professors of religion. I began to think that this people were closely related to the Christians of the days of Christ, because they promised the same results should follow the believers and that all should know of the doctrine, whether it was of God or whether it was of man; but I still kept inquiring, and the more I inquired the worse the people were represented to me.

Wm. II ood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIFFICULTIES yield to determination.

#### HEROINES OF THE CHURCH.

#### Vilate Murray Kimball.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 450.]

TT WAS a most important event in the life of Sister Vilate Kimball to part with her husband, when he was called to go with the "Camp of Zion" up to Missouri; things were so different then to what they are now, and distances seemed so much greater; everything connected with the gospel was so new and strange, that in looking back one wonders that the sisters had such wonderful courage and faith; but it was this child-like simplicity of faith and trust in God that helped them to bear the weary burdens and made them seem light. Separations then were much more distressing because of circumstances, and we would think less today of one going to a foreign country, than the Saints in Kirtland did of this journey to Missouri.

It was indeed a very great trial to Sister Kimball, but she bore up bravely, as she always did through all her life, and trusted implicitly in the Lord to watch over and protect her and her little ones.

It was on the morning of the 5th of May, 1834, that the brethren started on this wonderful expedition, and the parting from wives and children is said to have been a solemn and affecting scene.

While the brethren were absent on this mission, the sisters were not idle; they labored diligently, besides attending to domestic duties, in cording, spinning, weaving, etc., to assist and help to clothe the workmen employed upon the temple. Many of the sisters deprived themselves of comforts they might otherwise have had, that they might give towards the erection of the Lord's house. Sister Kimball was one of those who toiled diligently to help forward this grand enterprise. Not having wool of her own, she took a hundred pounds to spin on shares; of this she did not keep "even as much as would knit a pair of stockings," but after spinning, wove it into cloth, and cut and made it up into garments for those who were laboring upon the temple. She thought this not only a duty, but a precious privilege to assist with her own hands and means in giving towards the first temple erected in this dispensation.

Our sisters of the present day who give of their substance towards building temples, know very little of the sacrifices made in these early times by those who contributed to the Kirtland and Nauvoo temples, for while they may give just as freely, they do not deprive themselves of the necessary comforts of life, as did the Saints in those days; for the Lord has poured out temporal blessings in such abundance that the Saints can give generously, and scarcely notice the difference.

After the return of the Elders from this mission, Elder Heber C. Kimball, with others, labored diligently to help forward the completion of the temple. Sister Kimball, during this short interval of time, enjoyed the society and companionship of her husband, which she greatly appreciated after the separation of nearly three months; for they were a most devoted couple, and they could not be separated from each other, whatever the circumstances, without feeling lonely.

One of the first men chosen by revelation to occupy the position of an Apostle in the quorum of the Twelve was Heber C. Kimball; this was as much a surprise to his wife as to himself, but neither of them comprehended, at that time, all that this high and holy calling implied. Not long after, on the 4th of May, 1835, Sister Kimball was again called to part with her beloved husband, and saw him leave (not without some lingering sorrow and many tears) upon his mission to preach the gospel without purse or scrip, as the disciples did anciently.

On the first of June, when he had scarcely been a month away, Sister Kimball had a son born, who was named Heber P., and, though she had not the companionship of her husband during her illness, she had unbounded faith in the mission he was performing, and clung to the promises of the gospel. She passed through these trying scenes without a mur-

mur, relying upon her heavenly Father for help and support, and His Spirit carried her safely through. The Lord did strengthen and sustain her, and though she had many annoyances and perplexities, she rose above them all, and when her husbaud returned to his family and home on the 25th of September, after an absence of nearly four months, she rejoiced with him in the goodness of God and His kind, protecting care that had been over them all and restored them again to each other.

Her husband remained at home during that fall and winter and following spring, though she had begun to realize in a practical sense what it was to be the wife of an Elder and Apostle in Israel. During those days the Kirtland temple was finished and dedicated, and Vilate Kimball was one of those who partook of the blessings and who witnessed the manifestations at the time of the dedication, and who afterwards bore witness of many things seen and heard.

After the dedication of the temple, May 10th, 1836, Heber C. Kimball started upon another mission to the Eastern States. While he was away Sister Kimball had an opportunity to visit her relatives in the state of New York. She took with her the babe Heber, leaving William and Mary in the care of Brother Bates Noble and his wife, and journeved to her former home. This visit afforded Sister Kimball a great deal of pleasure, for she was fondly attached to her kindred and friends, though she had forsaken all for the gospel's sake without hesitation, knowing that course would result in salvation and safety. While Sister Kimball was visiting her friends in Victor, N. Y., she was joined by her husband, who remained a few days with her friends, and then they returned together to their home in Kirtland, where they arrived on the 2nd of October. A peculiar spirit and feeling had made itself apparent in Kirtland during the time Heber and Vilate had been away from home. There were dissensions among the Saints, and murmurings and fault-findings against the Prophet and the

Apostles. The love of riches and a desire for speculation had entered into the hearts of many, both brethren and sisters; indeed, comparatively few were free from this contaminating influence; and through these things many were led into darkness, and some into dishonesty. Brother and Sister Kimball were deeply grieved to find such a radical change in the people, whom they had left so humble and full of faith only a short time before. About this time Brother Kimball had many dreams and warnings not to partake of this spirit, and the Lord preserved him and also his family from falling into the snares and temptations that, inadvertently, led many of the Saints to deny the faith. Of these things much has been written and recorded in Church history. Through it all Sister Vilate kept the same spirit of humility and love for the poor, the meek and the lowly that ever characterized her after life.

The spring following these strange occurrences, and the apostasy among the Saints, the Prophet Joseph was inspired to send some of the Apostles to proclaim the gospel abroad in a foreign land; and he called Heber C. Kimball to undertake this important mission. He was not slow to answer any wish or desire of the Prophet; he never hesitated, and his wife was as anxious to have him respond to any and every call as he himself could be. She realized the importance of obedience to counsel; and to those who accept this in a true spirit, the Lord makes it easy for them to comply with the requirements made. Elder Kimball was accompanied upon this mission by Elders Orson Hyde, Willard Richards and also Joseph Fielding (who had been ordained a Priest). In those days it was indeed a marvelous thing and a wonder to go upon such an errand, and more especially without purse or scrip, as did these faithful Elders, following the example of the disciples anciently.

The separation between Heber and Vilate when he went away upon this long journey was the most severe trial to both they had yet been called upon to endure. We who live in

this age of the world, with all the modern discoveries and improvements of railway and steamships, with the means of rapid transit from one continent to another, and from shore to shore, and the almost instant communication of telegraph and cablegram, can scarcely realize what it was more than fifty years ago to part with our nearest and dearest, and have them go far, far away; knowing, as we all do, how many go never more to return, and how long and tedious must be the weary time of separation, even at the best. History records that the Apostle Heber, previous to his departure, laid his hands upon the heads of his wife and children, and blessed each one, like unto the patriarchs of old, giving them a father's blessing and commending them to the care and protection of God, while he should be engaged in preaching the gospel in a foreign land. While blessing them, it is said that his emotion was so great he could scarcely control himself, and at intervals was compelled to stop and wipe away the tears and choke down the sobs that hindered his utterance. Imagine, dear reader, what would be the feelings of a loving and tender-hearted wife, such as Vılate Kimball assuredly was, under such circumstances, and you can picture, perhaps, what sublime courage and heroism must be needed to endure with fortitude such trying scenes. Sister Kimball must have had an innate consciousness of the divinity of the mission that her husband was undertaking to have sustained her in such a trying ordeal. And who shall judge whether the home mission of the wife and mother, left alone under such peculiar circumstances, is not as great, as arduous and as noble, and withal as difficult to perform, as that of the husband and father, who goes forth to preach to the world of mankind.

In those days women had not been trained in self-reliance as they are in this advanced age; and consequently it must have been harder for them to be left with the care of a family. The Saints were none of them very well off, and many of the Elders' wives had to struggle hard "to keep the wolf from the

door," that the gospel might be carried to the various nations of the earth.

On the morning of the 13th of June, 1837, Elder Heber C. Kimball started to open the first foreign mission. His wife and the children accompanied him a little way upon his journey to a place called Fairport.

The Saints are mostly well acquainted with the great work Brother Kimball performed during the time he was in England. record of that mission will remain forever engraven upon the hearts of the people connected therewith, their children and children's children forever, and it is without doubt recorded in the archives on high. While Brother Kimball was laboring in this important field of the Lord's vineyard, Vilate was at home with her little children, devoting her life and energies to their rearing and culture, and praying daily and hourly for her beloved companion. His letters were a solace and comfort; but in those days letters were not so frequent and regular as afterward. Kimball was a natural letter-writer, original in style, but affectionate and tender to those he loved, and especially so to his own household. E. B. Wells.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Political Situation.

THE exciting topic of late has been the election of members of the Legislature. The so-called Liberal party has shown the utter falsity of its past statements by the course it has taken prior to and at this late election. Its members have justified the organization of the party on the ground that the Latter-day Saints were practicing plural marriage, and that they also were united as a Church party. That party has constantly endeavored to convey the impression that the objects it had in view were to have plural marriage cease and the Mormon people divided on national political lines, and these

ends accomplished, its members would array themselves with the national parties. recent events have shown the complete insincerity of these statements. This, however, is only another illustration of a great fact-that the enemies of the Church of Christ have always stultified themselves and falsified their own statements in continuing their warfare against it. They have made allegations as reasons for their action which were not true, and this because they themselves have not really known their own reasons for fighting against the people of God. They have assumed that there were justifiable causes for their animosity; but it has always been shown that these were without true foundation, and that there was a hatred against the truth and its followers that lay far deeper in their hearts than they themselves imagined.

There is no good reason today for the continued organization of the Liberal party. But the center power which has created the party and held it together has made money by its warfare against the Latter-day Saints. It perceives that if the Liberal party were to divide on national lines, the old animosities would cease, and its source of income would be stopped, for it has been its life and its livelihood to fight against the Mormon people. This has been its stock-in-trade. Its organ has fattened upon vilification and falsehood; and if there should be a division on national party lines, all this would cease; the Mormons, as Mormons, could not be attacked without attacking the parties with which they were associated. This is the cause it has for its assumed distrust of the sincerity and honesty of the Manifesto and of the dissolution of the People's party. It pretends to see nothing earnest nor reliable in these movements, but is determined to keep up the old hatred.

This organ of the Liberal party has labored incessantly for a great number of years to create a chasm between the two classes of citizens—Mormons and non-Mormons. Every non-Mormon that has shown a disposition to be kindly disposed, or to treat with common

courtesy the Mormon people, has been branded as a "Jack-Mormon;" and if he were an official of the government, he has been accused of accepting bribes from them. By the use of these nefarious means, it has kept the two classes widely apart, and it has dreaded nothing worse than to see this chasm bridged over, and confidence and good feeling restored to the citizens of this Territory.

This is the real secret of the course which it has taken and is now taking. By tricks of every description; by obtaining the aid of pliant officials, that party has contrived to manipulate the elections and to secure control of Salt Lake City. It seeks to perpetuate its power by every conceivable agency; and if it could control the Territory, it would be delighted; for by obtaining control of the Territory it might succeed in disfranchising the Mormon people and bringing them into subjection to it. This party hoped that this recent election would bring about this result. It flattered itself that it could secure a majority in the Legislature; but so far as can be judged by present indications, it has utterly failed; and the strength that it has over that which it had in the last Legislature is due entirely to the connivance of the Utah Commission in making Salt Lake City one election district.

This infamous party has hate for its foundation. It is thoroughly corrupt. It numbers in its ranks the very worst elements of society. Of course, there are many, perhaps, in its ranks who are not of this class, but who are respectable people. They are either deceived by the falsehoods circulated by the organ of the party or they are coerced by its threats and made to tremble at its lash, and through fear maintain their connection with it.

Can such a party as this continue its existence? Is it possible for it to flourish for any length of time in a land like ours? It owes no allegiance to either of the great political parties. It does not hold itself accountable to the people. It has no check upon it, except that which the want of power or oppor-

tunity imposes; for it will go to the greatest lengths to accomplish any purpose, however base, when it suits its policy, and it can do so with any safety. This party stands as a menace to the liberties of the people of the entire Territory; and if it should continue to thrive and increase in power, the results to the people and to the entire framework of society would be most dangerous. Though it has strongly entrenched itself on all sides and appears determined to perpetuate its existence, and to seize the reins of power in this Territory, yet I cannot believe it possible that it will accomplish its end. Its platform, its aim, in fact its entire organization, has no element of truth or of justice connected with it. foundation is falsehood. The claims that it puts forth as reasons for its existence are untrue. Its chief motive is utterly unjust and directly opposed to all the principles of liberty.

The principal members of that party have labored with a zeal and persistence worthy of a better cause. For years now they have aimed at the complete overthrow of the Mormon religion and the Mormon people. their exertions have been to accomplish this Their attacks have been incessant. And we can well pause today and ask, What have been the results? They have appealed in numberless ways to every department of the government. Through their incessant agitation they have called unfavorable attention to Utah in executive messages. poison has been infused into almost every department of the government; and whenever public allusion has been made to the old settlers of Utah, it has been to their dispraise. Appeals without number, and prepared bills for congressional action, have been sent from this party in Utah to Washington, some of the propositions of which have been enacted into law. And yet, after all these efforts, so unceasing, so relentless, so vindictive, we may well ask what has been accomplished?

Untold suffering has undoubtedly been brought upon individuals. In this it has been successful. But beside this it has taught us many lessons which are of value to us. It cannot destroy the Church of Christ. is impossible. The promises of God have gone forth concerning His Church, and they cannot fail. But what has been the effect of these attacks upon the Church? They have taught the people of God important lessons, from which they should derive great profit. It is necessary that we should learn many things which probably we could not learn so well in any other way as through the acts of these opponents of ours. In the providence of God, therefore, the measures taken against us by our enemies answer a good purpose. They teach us lessons, very rudely and sometimes barbarously, it is true, but lessons, nevertheless, which we must learn.

If the Liberal party shall continue to exist and to wage its warfare of hatred against us, it will be for a purpose which the Lord will overrule for His glory and the development of His people. During its warfare of the past twenty years against the Church of God many things have been taught to and learned by the Latter-day Saints that we did not know and that will prove profitable to us. We have become broader in our views, more charitable in our aims, and with clearer conception of the character and scope of the work which God has established.

Contact with the world, while it is attended with many evils, is also attended with much good. The danger of isolation and exclusiveness is that men become narrow and prejudiced, opinionated, and somewhat self-righteous. Contact with the world removes much of this feeling, and teaches men that there are others who are also the children of God, who are the objects of His care, and who possess many admirable qualities and many grand truths; and though they may not be open to receive the principles of the gospel, and may have many erroneous ideas concerning the plan of salvation, they are, nevertheless, the objects of the Great Creator's care. their Father, and He intends to save them, if they will only permit Him to do so. In this direction it is very clear that the Latter-day

Saints have grown; and while they have suffered and are still suffering from many evils, through contact with the world, they are at the same time receiving some benefits. If they will only be true to their religion, the evils will scarcely be felt, while the benefits will be widespread and lasting.

The Editor.

#### TIRED OF HOME.

BOB! can't you come down and help

The boy laid aside his book reluctantly.

"There's always something to do," he muttered. "I wish I was a man, and could go and see the world; I'm tired of this life."

And yet his life was not one of real hardship, by any means. Mrs. Douglass, Bob's mother, had been a widow for several years, and though she disguised her real nature under an assumed roughness, for the sake of what she considered policy, yet she was very proud of her oldest boy, and sometimes indulged in the fondest hopes of his future.

"Bob will buy me a farm some day," she said to herself, her greatest ambition being to own a large farm.

She was paying for the bit of land on which they now lived,—scarcely an acre, but so admirably cultivated and cared for that it produced an annual income.

Indeed, Bob's mother always had silver in the old stocking in the blue chest up stairs; a veritable sailor's chest, that had been the property of "one-legged Douglass," an old sailor, and the brother of Mrs. Douglass.

"Don't tell the lad such stories," his sister would often say, as the old man, either by the chimney-corner or on the rough settle, spun long yarns of impossible adventures to the eager, listening boy,—and he did this up to the very day before he died.

This kind of culture and the books Bob read, determined the bent of the boy's character. He was constantly thinking and dreaming of things far away, while his hands

and feet reluctantly accomplished the nearer work which he dreaded and hated.

Mrs. Douglass boasted that she had not an idle bone in her body. And she had not. Work to come was anticipated triumph with her. To rise long before the sun, and get most of her day's tasks accomplished before anybody was stirring, was the chief joy of her life.

Large, strong, conscious of health only as she boasted of never having seen a sick day in her life, she was just the woman to bring up sturdy children and launch them into the world, fully capable of taking their part in its tasks and conquering its rewards.

Bob crept down stairs.

"Susan's took the milk over to Mrs. Staniford's, and I've got to make some choese for the Binley's," said his mother. "You must wash the dishes."

Rob made up a face at himself, knowing that her "must" was imperative, and set about the task in anything but a happy mood.

"I'm tired of it all," he thought, day after day, till the sight of his mother's black brows—she had a trick of frowning—and the sight of his tasks came to be a horror to him.

"There's no use—I might as well give up now as any time," he said at last. "I wouldn't dare tell mother that I don't want to be a farmer,—she hates the very mention of the sea,—so the only way to do is to run for it.

"I don't think she will care," he further soliloquized. "She's spunk enough, and strength enough, and she can get somebody in the village to help her on the farm."

But how to go?

He had no money, and but few clothes. The latter fact he cared very little for; but the money—he sat and brooded over that deficiency, till at last, even in the darkest night, he could see that old blue-yarn stocking up stairs, which he well knew contained nearly fifty dollars.

"I wouldn't take it all," he said to himself, when he had familiarized his thoughts with the possible theft. "I would take twenty-five dollars, and it wouldn't be robbery, because I'm sure to make my fortune, and give it back, with ever so much more."

So one night the pale moon saw him steal up to the old blue chest when his mother and all the rest were asleep,—it was his birthday, too, and his mother had given him a pretty linen handkerchief, with his initials 'worked in the corner,—and take, shaking with terror and cold, twenty-five dollars in silver and bills.

And then he seemed to skulk from the house, a little bundle in one hand, and make for the nearest seaport.

Of course he found a vessel ready to sail and a captain willing to take him. All boys do, in stories, and not long after he was missed at home, he was out on the deep blue ocean, as sick a cabin-boy as ever the wild waves bore out to sea.

The life was not all his fancy had painted it. The captain and first mate proved tyrannical. Indeed, the latter, for some unexplained reason, seemed to hate him, and to take special pains to torment him.

It was a villainous crew, also, the men of Tally-Ho,—two Germans, a Portuguese, three or four Italians, and several Englishmen of the vilest description. It sickened him to hear their oaths and their foul talk; for Bob had been carefully trained, and was so guileless of evil as either of his sisters, thanks to the back-woods.

One day the captain seemed unusually moody, and drank a great deal. Bob kept as much in the back-ground as possible, for he knew from experience the effect of that terrible black bottle upon the captain's temper.

There was a storm in prospect, too, and the tossing of the waves made the poor boy deathly sick. He had no consolation, except to get by himself, when it was possible, and think of his mother. Oh, that strong face with its black brows! What would he not have given to see it but for a moment? Oh, that little cottage, whose bedroom ceiling was so low that he could not stand upright when

he went to his little chest of drawers! Oh, to hear the rain on the roof, to dig potatoes, to wash dishes, to do anything, if only he were at home—if only his foot could again touch the dry land!

From this reverie he was called by the captain. The tears were running down his cheeks, but he did not know it, and at sight of him the captain swore. Something that the boy said angered him, and snatching up an iron pin that was near, he drove at poor Bob, cutting his face from the forehead to the chin, so that in a moment he was blinded by the blood.

"Take him forward," said the brutal man, as the mate came up; "if ever he speaks back to me again, I'll finish him."

Alas for Bob's romance! Alas for his trust in himself and in others! He was put in a bunk in the forecastle, and rudely cared for by some one who professed to be "a bit of a doctor."

For days the boy endured torments, feverish, suffering intolerable pain, and was unable to see or endure the light. And all this time he was surrounded by the vilest of the vile, forced to hear their horrible language, and at last to become a recipient of a secret shared among them.

"Oh, don't fear the little chap there," said one of the sailors; "he'll not be about till it's all over, and then we can put him where no tales are told."

Bob listened, tremblingly, too faint to make any sign that he heard. The plan under discussion was to kill the captain and first mate, and take possession of the ship. The men seemed well agreed among themselves, and talked of their brutal work with evident relish.

Never did they leave Bob alone, but he listened with bated breath for some signs of an outbreak. Oh, if he could only warn the captain, cruel as he had been to him!

When would it happen? In the dead of night? How would it happen? These questions chased each other wildly through Bob's throbbing brain, as he lay there helpless.

At last it was accomplished. There was a horrible sound on deck—scuffling, and the moving of heavy articles, a pistol shot, then another, all mingled with fearful cries and miserable groans.

The time seemed an age to poor Bob, who lay in his bunk shaking with fear, still blind and suffering.

Presently the men came down by twos and threes. He gathered that some of them were wounded, and that several of their comrades had been killed, but that they had succeeded in their revolt, having thrown the captain overboard and shot the first mate.

"And now what's going to be done with this brat here?" queried Black Bill, a man with neither heart nor conscience. "I move we send him to keep company with the fishes. He's in our way."

"No, no; let the boy live," said a German. "We'll make him one of us. He's a bright little fellow, and just old enough to train."

"I don't want him," said Black Bill, with an oath, "and I won't have him. You had your way about the cap'n, and I'll have my way about this chap. If you don't let me put him overboard, I'll brain him and you, too."

Bob heard no more; the terror of the situation took away both reason and strength. He was conscious for one brief second that a strong hand had gripped him, and then he knew nothing.

When he recovered from his swoon, he looked languidly about him. Oh joy! he could at last see once more. Who had taken the bandages from his forehead? Hark! that voice—that—

"What in the world are you doing down here, with my money in your hands?"

He looked up—there was his mother. He looked down—there was the blue stocking, and the chest open beside him.

"You must 'a' got here in your sleep, for here I found you a-moanin' and a-groanin'!"

"O mother! O mother! I'm not in the ship! They haven't killed me! O mother! I'll never run away again," he sobbed, hiding his face in her bosom.

"Well, well, sonny, I guess you haven't run away; we'll make it all right. You've been having bad dreams, aint you?"

"Yes, mother," he sobbed; "I dreamed I was tired of home. But oh, I never shall be! never, never again!"

And he never was.

M, A, D,

#### TURN FROM THE ANGRY WAY!

ART thou sad? Listen!
Do thine eyes glisten
With fast falling tears?
Hear, then, my crying:
Thy soul's joy is dying
For following years!

Perchance thou dost hunger;
Then waste thou no longer,
But heap high thy store.
Pray, heed the grim groaning
Of woeful winds, moaning
O'er bane of blessed yore!

Dear friend, thou art walking
A thorny way—stalking
Straight into dark doom!
Turn in thy pathway!
Make love thy law alway!
Thus light mortal gloom.

Thy passion is killing
Thy heart. 'Tis distilling
Vile, venomous blight
That will mar all thy life—
Will make sorer thy strife
And snuff out thy light.

Be careful and cheerful;
Of spites be thou fearful,
Lest they betray thee.
Thy motto—"Advancing!
All virtue enhancing,
I live long and free!"

Be prayerful and humble,
Lest erstwhile thou stumble
And dash down thy soul.
Bright light thou hast beaming;
Then shun hateful seeming.
Press on t'ward the goal!

J. Wesley Young.

A CLEAR conscience will make even a timid

# DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

#### Lesson 16 .- Peter Confesses Christ.

PLACE—Cæsarea Philippi. Age of Jesus—32 years. TEXT—Matthew 16: 13—28.

- 13. When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?
- 14. And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.
  - 15. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that 1 am?
- 16. And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God<sup>2</sup>.
- 17. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.
- 18. And 1 say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock 1 will build my church; and the gates of hell<sup>3</sup> shall not prevail against it.
- 19. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.
- 20. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.
- 21. From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.
- 22. Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.
- 23. But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.
- 24. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me<sup>5</sup>.
- 25. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.
- 26. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
- 27. For the Son of man shall come<sup>8</sup> in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works<sup>9</sup>.
- 28. Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom<sup>10</sup>.

#### LESSON STATEMENT.

At the time Jesus visited Cæsarea Philippi He asked His disciples what the people thought of Him. They answered Him that some said He was one of the old prophets, and some took Him for John the Baptist. The Savior then asked, who they, themselves, said He was. Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus told Peter that it was His heavenly Father who had revealed this great truth to him, and upon that rock—the principle of revelation—He would build His church. Authority was then given Peter—who was the senior of the Apostles to bind and to loose, the keys of the kingdom were conferred upon him. From that time Jesus began to show His disciples what would shortly befall Him, even to His death and resurrection. This warning was received with surprise and Peter protested. Jesus rebuked him severely and taught His disciples how necessary it would be for His followers to endure suffering and practice self-denial.

#### NOTE.

Cæsarea Philippi.—A town in the northern part of Palestine, not for from Mount Hermon. It is now inhabited chiefly by Turks, and contains about 200 houses. Some suppose it is the same as Laish or Dan, mentioned in the Old Testament (Joshua 19: 47; Judges 18: 29). Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod contributed greatly to its prosperity and gave it the name of Cæsarea in honor of Tiberias Cæsar. The name Philippi—of Philip—was added to distinguish it from another called Cæsarea, on the Mediterranean coast.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. We should have a knowledge that Jesus is the Savior. 2. We should be willing to testify to this knowledge. 3. That God builds His church on the rock of present revelation.
4. That He reveals His mind to His duly authorized servants. 5. That He gives to men the keys of the kingdom of heaven. 6. That Jesus suffered that He might obtain eternal life. 7. That without His death we could not be saved. 8. That we should be willing to suffer all things to secure the salvation of our souls. 9. That we must observe the law of sacrifice and practice self-denial. 10. That it would be very foolish to risk our

<sup>1,</sup> Matt. 14: 2. 2, 111. Nephi 9: 15. 3, Job 38: 17. 4, John 20: 23; Helaman 10: 7. 5, Matt. 10: 38. 6, Luke 17: 33. John 12: 25. 7, Psalms 49: 7, 8. 8, Matt. 26: 64. 9, Rom. 2: 6. 10, Mark 9: 1; Luke 9: 27; John 21: 22, 23; 111. Nephi 28: 6.

salvation to enjoy the pleasures of the world.

II. That the Lord will judge us all according to our works.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

I. What is the subject of this lesson? 2. What place is mentioned? 3. Why was it so called? 4. With whom did Jesus go to Cæsarea? 5. What did Jesus ask His disciples? 6. What was their reply? 7. In what doctrine must the Jews have believed when they supposed Jesus was either one of the old prophets or John the Baptist, all of whom were dead? 8. But who did Peter say that Jesus was? 9. How did he know this? 10. Who revealed this truth unto him? 11. Who is the source of all truth? 12. Upon what rock will God build His church? 13. Who has the right to receive revelations for the whole church? 14. Without what principle, therefore, cannot the church of God be built up? 15. Why not? Give some reasons. 16. To what position did the Lord call Peter? 17. Who holds these same keys and powers now? 18. What do you understand by the power to bind or loose? 19. Where will this power exercised by proper authority on earth be recognized also? 20. What do you mean by recognized? 21. What did Jesus charge His disciples they should not tell? 22. Why did He this? 23. What did Jesus, from that time, begin to show His disciples? Where had He to go? 25. What would happen to Him there? 26. Who would cause Him to suffer? 27. When would He be raised again? 28. What did Peter say? 29. What rebuke did Jesus give him? 30. What lesson did Jesus then teach His disciples? 31. What do you mean by self-denial? 32. What is meant by taking up Christ's 33. When will the Son of God cross? come? 34. What glory will He have? 35. Who will be with Him? 36. Whom will He reward? 37. For what will He reward them? 38. What would happen to some then listening to His words? 39. What would they see? 40. When will this take place?

#### ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES.

THOU ART THE CHRIST.—Who is a liar but he who denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son.—1. John 2: 22.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.—I. John 4: 15.

UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH.—Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone;

In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord:

In whom ye also are builded together for habitation of God through the Spirit.—Ephesians 2: 20, 21, 22.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.—Behold, I give unto you power, that whatsoever ye shall seal on earth, shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven; and then shall ye have power among this people.—Helaman 10: 7.

#### JIM JOBSON.

JIM JOBSON was a blithesome lad,
Whose face was spread with many smiles,
Yet, he the fatal failing had
To wink at evil's witching wiles.

Much to his chagrin, night and day,—
For he was taught the pains of sin—
The wayward led his feet to stray
To haunts that sirens revel in.

Though bold at first to scorn rebuke
From fools who mocked his faith and trust;
The strain at last his courage shook,
And laid his manhood in the dust.

The homage due he used to pay,
To father fond and mother dear,
Was sadly seen to wane away
Which cost them many a sigh and tear.

As is the common recompense

Of all who spurn puternal care,
His spirit, numbed in every sense

Was filled with broodings of despair,

He sought the fellowship of those
Who like himself, had cast aside
The sweet and calm of love's repose,
Which shelters life, when storms betide.

The gambling den, the whisky shop,
Found him at length, their fettered slave;
And thus he, once, his parents hope,
Went down to fill a drunkard's grave.

O, may this wasted life impart
A warning fit for erring ones,
And make them wise in mind and heart,
To rank with virtue's noble sons.

# For Our Bittle Folks.

#### YOUNG FOLKS STORIES.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE humming-bird is the smallest of all birds and it is also one of the handsomest. It is almost always on



BAR-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

the wing, and it flies so fast that the wings can scarcely be seen. It has a very long bill in the shape of an awl. The bill is sharp at the point so that it can be thrust into a flower and extract the sweet honey from the bottom of its cup. The cup of a flower is called the calyx. The calyx is sometimes deep and it has a very narrow opening. With its long

and sharp bill the humming bird can reach to the bottom of the flower where its sweetness lies.

The tongue of the humming-bird is forked; that is, it is divided so that it looks like two tongues, or like the prongs of a fork.

The feathers of its wings and tail

are black: but those on its body and under its wings are of a greenish brown, with a fine reddish gloss, which no silver, gold nor velvet can imitate. It has a small tuft of feathers on its head. The tuft is green at the bottom and brighter than gold at the top. It sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. This bird keeps its wings in such rapid motion, that its beautiful color can only be seen by the glitter. This rapid motion of its wings causes a humming sound, and from this sound is has its name of hummingbird

The humming-bird lays but two eggs, and they are about the size of small peas. The eggs are as white as snow, with a few yellow specks on them. The birds hatch their eggs in ten days. When the young first appear, they are the size of a bluebottle fly.

The humming-bird is easily tamed. In an hour after it has been caught,

the little cheerful captive will often come and suck the honey from flowers held out to it. In a few hours it becomes tame enough to sip sweets from a saucer, and soon it will come to the hand that feeds it. In dark or rainy weather, it seems to pass most of the time dozing on the perch or roost in its cage.

Amasa N. Hansen, age 13.
RICHFIELD, SEVIER Co.,
UTAH.

#### A SMART DOG.

One summer an ordinance was passed by the trustees of a certain village requiring all dogs to be muzzled. A dog, owned by a man in the village, named Pedro was, instead, fastened with a peculiarly made chain which had once done service in a suction pump. It was not heavy, but one would never forget the odd shape of its links. A hole was cut through the side of a workshop, and the chain was fastened with a strong staple to a joist which was exposed when the hole was cut. Pedro was a very unwilling prisoner for a week, when one morning he was discovered lying on the doorstep-collar, chain and staple gone. He had gnawed the staple out, and had pulled the collar off over his head. None of his fastenings could be found, high or low. Two years afterward the chain and collar were dug out of a pile of ashes in the far back end of the lot. The diggers knew that

Pedro had buried them. They whistled, and he soon came bounding to the spot, expecting fun of some kind. The diggers pointed to the chain. Pedro looked down at it, smelled of it, dropped his tail between his legs, cowered and whined piteously for mercy, knowing his guilt was found at last.

#### MY DARLING.

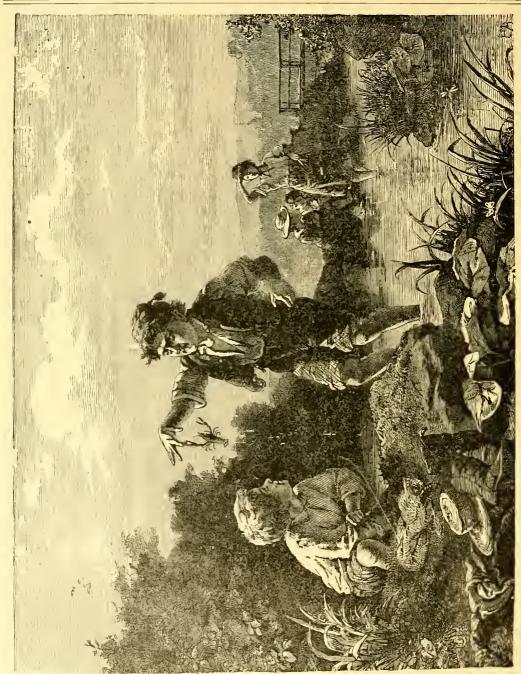
These words in bright letters stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horsed truck in a Broadway blockade. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible, but he was not profane or brutal toward his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finally, his horses becoming restive, he climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Why," he said, "because it keeps the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she died she clasped her hands around my neck and said:—

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"'Yes,' I said; 'I'll promise anything. What is it?'

"Then, fixing her eyes on mine,



she said, 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and be kind to mamma.'

"That's all there is about it, mister,

but I promised my little girl and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted, the big truckman resumed his seat, and was soon lost in the tide of travel.

#### HISTORICAL EVENTS.

THE following named persons have sent us events for the month of July, in competition for the prizes offered for the best lists furnished during the last six months of the year:

Perry Jordans, William Jacobs, Tryphena Willden, Matilda Nielson, Pettrilla Huish, Florence E. Barlow, Mary Harper, Lilly Leigh, Mary A. Ward, Sarah L. Stoker, Sarah Christopherson, J. I. Hayes, Edgar Sudweeks, Arthur Jenkins, Mary Andrus, Maria Peterson.

A list with the postmark of Deming, New Mexico, was received with no name attached. Do not forget to sign your names.

#### EVENTS FOR JULY.

- 1st, 1837, The first Latter-day Saint missionaries for Engiand sailed from New York.
- 2nd, 1881, President Garfield was shot and mortally wounded.
- 2nd, 1833, Joseph Smith, Jr., completed the translation of the New Testament.
- 3rd, 1775, Washington took command of the American army, at Cambridge, Mass.
- 3rd, 1870, Albert Carrington was ordained an Apostle.
- 4th, 1826, Adams and Jefferson died.
- 4th, 1776, Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence.
- 4th, 1838, The corner-stones for a temple at Far West were laid with appropriate ceremonies.
- 8th, 1838, A revelation was given to Joseph, the Secr., at Far West.
- 9th, 1834, Joseph Smith and others left Missouri to return to Kirtland.
- 9th, 1841. A revelation was given through Joseph, the Seer, at the house of Elder Brigham Young.
- 9th, 1850, President Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of the United States, died.
- 10th, 1850, Millard Fillmore was inaugurated president of the United States.
- atth, 1857, A. Cumming, of Georgia, was appointed Governor of Utah.

- 12th, 1843, The revelation on celestial marriage was first written.
- 16th, 1846, Ezra T. Benson was ordained an Apostle, at Council Bluffs, Iowa.
- 18th, 1838, A revelation was given through Joseph, the Seer, at Far West.
- 18th, 1792, John Paul Jones, the famous American of Revolutionary fame, died.
- 18th, 1500, Americus Vespucii published his pamphlet about America.
- 18th, 1374, Petrarch, the famous Italian poet, died.
- 21st, 1796, Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, died.
- 21st, 1861, The confederate Congress met in Richmond, Va.
- 22nd, 1861, General McLelland took command of the U. S. Army.
- 22nd, 1839, Joseph Smith and others had the gift of healing conferred upon them by the manifestation of God's power.
- 23rd, 1885, General U.S. Grant, 18th president of the United States, died.
- 23rd, 1833, The corner-stones for the Kirtland temple were laid.
- 24th, 1847, The Pioneers entered Great Salt Lake Valley. 24th, 1862, Martin Van Buren, 8th president of the United States, died.
- 2.4th, 1875, Andrew Johnson, 17th president of the United States, died.
- 28th, 1887, President John Taylor died.
- 30th, 1718, William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, died.
- 30th, 1837. The first baptism in England by divine authority took place, in the river Ribble.
- 4th, 1884, The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty was delivered to the United States minister, Hon. L. P. Morton, with appropriate ceremonies.

A LITTLE innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place. "Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell 'kitten.' " "K-double-i-t-e-n," said Mabel. "'Kitten' has two i's, then, has it?" "Yes, ma'am; our kitten has."

A BOY, kept in after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was *spell-bound*.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE. WORDS AND MELODY BY DAVID SMITH \* MUSIC ARRANGED BY C. J. THOMAS. 2,2,5 = = Andante con moto. 2-5 - ly spo, r hblt tread, - et just, There's an grave in a But the form that it o - ver its bos - om the Lord was his guide, a d in keep our feet in the near by its side does the there re - pos - es the grant that we may And And God wild r of pr ph - et watch and And 2. L. ere pray, 4. grant that and And 2 5 ne'er be torgo'. There the heaven tree spreads, and the tall ocusts wave. Their snow while flew'rs e'er the white this lesspread As if placed there in kind sest to guard and save From in trud-ing footsteps the Him was his trust; He restored the cosep four sous to save, Buth; now his low he an har sow way, Our silr is and hol-ies in pur-1-ty save. To see him a rise from his unknown grave, o - ver the un - known grave unknown grave, 6 - ver the din - known grave, unknown grave, low in an un - known grave, unknown grave, God bless that un known grave.

\*—The author of the verses, David Smith, is the son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the 'unknown grave' has reference to that of the prophet, who, after his martyrdom, was buried secretly at midnight by a few of his (riends as his enemies were auxious to steaf his body.

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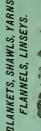
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